For Charitie it selfe fulfilles the Law:
And who can seuer Loue from Charitie,
King. Saint *Cupid* then and Souldiers to the fielde.
Berow. Aduaunce your standars, and vpon them Lords,
Pell, mell, downe with them: but be first aduisd,
In conflict that you get the Sunne of them.
Long. Now to plaine dealing, Lay these glozes by,
Shall we resolue to woe these gyrles of Fraunce?
King. And winn them too, therefore let vs deuise,
Some enterteinment for them in their Tentes.
Ber. First from the Parke let vs conduct them thither,
Then homeward euery man attach the hand
Of his faire Mistres, in the after noone
We will with some strange pastime solace them:
Such as the shortnesse of the time can shape,
For Reuels, Daunces, Maskes, and merrie houres,
Forerunne faire Loue, strewing her way with flowers.
King. Away, away, no time shalbe omitted,
That will be time and may by vs befitted.
Ber. Alone alone sowed Cockell, reapt no Corne,
And Iustice alwayes whirles in equall measure:
Light Wenches may proue plagues to men forsorne,
If so our Copper byes no better treasure.

Enter the Pedant, the Curat, and Dull.

Pedant. *Satis quid sufficit.*

Curat. I prayse God for you sir, your reasons at Dinner haue been sharpe & sententious: pleasant without scurillitie, wittie without affection, audatious without impudencie, learned without opinion, and strange without heresie: I did conuerse this quondam day with a companion of the kings, who is intituled, nominated, or called, *Don Adriano de Armatho.*

Ped. Noui hominum tanquam te, His humour is loftie, his discourse peremptorie: his tongue fyled, his eye ambitious, his gate maiesticall, and his generall behauiour vaine, rediculous, & thrasonicall. He is too picked, to spruce, too affected, to od as it were, too peregrinat as I may call it,

Curat